THE DAILY UNION

MR. CHOATE IN FANEUIL HALL.

Yes, whigs of Boston and Massachusetts! We strike at higher game. It is because the experiment is now making whether a sectional party, merging and overriding all others, is possible; whether candidates for the presidency shall openly electioneer for that office, and openly advocate the formation of such a party and not see the mantling cup of honors, to which they are reaching, dashed to their feet by the indignation of the whole country! It is because this experiment is making to-day that we feel that we have a duty to do. Who of us knows that it is not his last civil labor? Who of us does not feel that if it were so our noblest labor were our last? Were it even so, what signifies it whether we personally and politically sink or swim—live or die—survive or perish! Would not that be a bright page wherein the historian, after having recorded in the former chapters of his book the long antecedents of the whigs, that they held the government of this good old State, with small exception, for a quarter of a century; that they held it long enough to imbody their politics in official State papers, on the statute book, in public speech, through their accredited press, in the prevailing tone and maxims of public life; long enough to see those politics bear rich visible autumnal fruits, that while they held power popular education was improved; the instrumentalities of intercourse of all parts of the State with each other, and with the States beyond, were multiplied and perfected, and the universal industrial prosperity of the people advanced by the reforming hand, reforming wisely, that the sentiment of obedience to law, popular or unpopular, while law; of observance of order; of the supremacy of the national constitution within its limits over the State, and of the State constitution on the legislature; of the practicability and the necessity of reconciling and performing all the political duties, not one, nor half, but *all*, that this sentiment was taught and was practised; that liberty of conscience was held sacred; that the right to be represented equally in the government of the State was recognised, and sought to be retained in the constitution as belonging to every human being, because such, inhabiting her soil; that they held good laws even powerless, and a government of laws impossible, if not interpreted and administered by judges as impartial as the lot of humanity will admit, and helped to be so by the tenure of independence of the ebb and flow of party; that although ever they boasted to be a branch of a National Whig Convention, and as such held a creed of national politics, combining a policy of peace with honor, and industry protected by wise discrimination, improvement of the great natural agencies of intercourse, a provident, and liberal, and statesmanlike administration of the public domain, a creed on which wise and good men of every State, in large numbers, sometimes by large majorities, were with them; although they held this creed of union, they yet left themselves wholly free to cherish and act on the local sentiment of slavery, that they opposed its extension by their press, by their vote, by public debate, its extension by annexation of Texas and Cuba, and by repeal of compromise, and that their greatest and best, all who represented them, did so ever up to the limits of the constitution and an honest statesmanship, and paused reverentially there; would it not be a glorious page on which, after concluding this detail, he should record that their last organic act was to meet the dark wave of this tide of sectionalism on the strand, breast-high, and roll it back upon its depths—ay, or to be buried under it? Would not that be higher than to follow the advice of one, once of us, who counsels the whigs to march out of the field with all the honors? Yes, we reject the word of command. We will not march out of the field at all. We will stand just where we are, and defend those honors and add to them. Perhaps we may fall. That were better than the flight he advises; to fall and let our recorded honors thicken on our graves. That were better than flight; but who can tell that there are not others higher to be won yet? Laurels further up; upon sharper ridges of the battle; more precious—less perishing; to be won by more heroic civil duty, and the austere glory of more self-sacrifices. Be these ungathered laurels ours to reap.

But it occurs to me that I have been a little too fast in assuming that your minds are already all made up not to join this geographical party. Let us, then, pause and inspect the thing a little; let us do it under a three-fold dissection; see, then, first, exactly what it is to be—what, if completely formed—what it is to be; second, what good it will do; and third, what evil it will do—what evil the process of forming it will do—what evil it will do after it is formed. First, what is it to be when formed. Exactly an organization of all the people of the free States, if they can get all—if not, majorities of all—into a political party proper, to oppose the whole people of all the slave States, organized into just such another association upon the single, but broad and fertile topic of slavery. Into this organization, on one side and the other, every other party is, if possible, to be merged; certainly by this one every other is to be out-voted and vanquished. This promising and happy consummation, mark you, is to be a *political party proper*. It is not to be a public opinion against slavery. It is not to be a mere universal personal conviction of any man which he may carry with him into all his political duties and relations, and bind up with his democratic opinions, or whig opinions, or native-American opinions; that is not it, at all. It is to be, and act, as a political party properly, technically, and with tremendous emphasis, so called. It is to fill offices, make laws, govern great States, govern the nation; and to do this by the one single test of what is called opposition to slavery—on the one single impulse of hate and dread of the aristocracy of the South, by which slavery is maintained. To carry out this opposition, to breathe forth this hate, and this dread in action, it lives; it holds its conventions, supports its press, selects its candidates, prescribes their creed, conducts its electioneering, and directs every act that it does and every word that it speaks. And now, when you consider how prodigious an agency in a republic a flushed and powerful party is at best; when you remember what it has done to shame and scare away liberty from her loved haunts and home by the blue Ægean, or beneath the sunny skies of Italy; when you consider how party, as the general fact, is sure to form and guide that public opinion which rules the world; how it grows to be the madness of the many for the benefit of the few—when you consider that to win or retain the general voice, all the ability this organization can possibly command will be enlisted, and paid; that it will offer office to the ambitious, spoils to the greedy, the dear, delicious indulgence of his one single idea to the zealot, strong in faith, fierce and narrow in his creed; to the sentimentalist and *litterateur*, the corrupting praise of a foreign press; to a distempered and unmeaning philanthropy, the cure of one evil by the creation of ten thousand—meditating on these things, you attain to some conception of what this party is to be.

Second. And, now, what good is it to do? And, first, what on earth is it going to do, anyhow? It is formed, we will say. It has triumphed. It has got power in the free States. It has got the general government. It has chosen its President. It has got a majority in both houses of Congress. The minority are a body of representatives of slaveholders. And they have met in the great chambers. What to do? Now, it is agreed, on all hands, that in regard to what they are to do as a party, on any subject, human or divine, outside of slavery, we know no more than if they were so many men let down in so many baskets from the clouds. As a party, and they gained power as a party, they are to rule us as a party, but as a party they solemnly adjure that they hold no opinion on anything whatever, on anything but slavery. They spread their arms wide open to every humor of the human mind, to all the forms of nonsense, to more irreconcilable belligerent temper and politics than ever quarrelled in a menagerie. To men of war and men of peace; to the friend of annexation, if he can find free soil to annex, as you may, in Canada, and the enemy of any more area; to protectionists and free traders; men of strict, and men of large construction, and men of no construction at all; temperance men and anti-temperance men; the advocate of ten hours of labor, the advocate of twelve; a general trial for every opinion on anything with the pledge of the party to each and all, that if they will roar with a common consent, and make satisfactory hullabaloos on slavery—every man of them shall have a fair chance, and no privileges, and everybody may enact anything if he can.

And now, in the name of all common sense, in the whole history of elective governments, was a free people ever called on to commit power, the whole vast enginery, the whole thunder of the State, to such a rule as this! Slavery, they do say, they will oppose, right and left; but what other one maxim of government they will adopt—State or national; what one law, on what one subject, they will pass; what one institution or one policy of the fathers they will spare; what one sentiment they will inculcate; what one glory they will prize; what of all that government can they will cause or care;—we have no more to guide us than if they were encampment of a race never seen before; poured by some populous and unknown north, from her frozen loin! How mad, how contemptible, to deliver ourselves over to such a veiled enthusiast as this. Better the urn and the lot of Solon—better the fantastic chances of hereditary descent a thousand fold.

Well, on their one single speciality of slavery: what are they going to do? And I say that we have not one particle more of evidence what specific thing, or what thing in general, they mean to do on slavery, than on anything else. I do say this, however, that those honest men who, in the simplicity of their hearts, have sympathized with this new party in the hope of having the Missouri Compromise restored, have not one particle of assurance that they would do it if they could; or, that if they could, they would rest there, or within half the globe of it. Loud they are in their reprobation of the repeal. So are we all! But is it a restoration they seek? No, nothing so little. When, a few days ago, a respectable whig gentleman presented himself at one of their meetings, and, being invited to speak, began by saying that they were all there to unite for the repeal of the repeal, they hissed him incontinently. Less discourteously in the manner of it; quite as unequivocally they have set forth in terms the most explicit, in the address of their convention, that the restoration of the Compromise of 1820 is not what they desire. What are they to do, then, if they win power? Either nothing at all which whigs could not do, and would not do, if a wise and large statesmanship permits it; or they bring on a conflict which separates the States. Nothing at all which we would not do if our fidelity to the constitution would allow us, or that which under the constitution cannot be done. Nothing at all, or just what their agitation from 1855 to this hour has accomplished—rivet the iron chains of the slave; loose the golden bands of the Union. So much for the good it will do.

But now survey the evil it would do. We cannot, of course, foreknow exactly what it would do, if it could, nor how much exactly it could do if it would. We cannot know, in other words, exactly, where, or when, or how, if it attained the whole power that it seeks, it would bring on the final strife. But one thing we know, omitting this, that they cannot, by possibility, go through the process of merely and completely organizing such a party but by elaborately and carefully training the men on this side of their line to "abhor" and "avoid" the men on the other. The basis of the organization is reciprocal sectional hate. This is the sentiment at bottom—this, and nothing else. To form and heighten this; to fortify and justify it; to show that it is moral and necessary, the whole vast enginery of party tactics is to be put in request. If the ingenuity of hell were tasked for a device to alienate and rend asunder our immature and artificial nationality, it could devise nothing so effectual! I take my stand here! I resist and deprecate the mere attempt to form the party. I don't expect to live to see it succeed in its grasp at power. I am sure I hope I shall not, but I see the attempt making. I think I see the dreadful influence of such an attempt. That influence I would expose. Wo! wo! to the sower of such seed as this! It may perish where it falls! The God of our fathers may withhold the early and later rain and the dew, and the grain may die; but wo to the hand that dares to scatter it. Painful it is to see some of whom a higher hope might have been cherished—on motives and with views, I dare say, satisfactory to themselves—giving aid and comfort to such a thing.

In looking anxiously out of my own absolute retirement from every form of public life, to observe how the movers of this new party mean to urge it upon the people, what topics they mean to employ, what aims they mean to propose, and, above all, what tone and spirit they mean to breathe and spread, and what influence to exert on the sectional passions or the national sentiments of our country, I have had occasion to read something of their spoken and written exhortations, this inauguration eloquence of sectionalism, and I think I comprehend it. And what work do they make of it? Yes, what? With what impression of your country, your whole country!—that is the true test of a party platform and a party appeal—do you rise from reading this exhortation? What lesson of duty to all, and of the claims of all, and of love to all, has it taught you? Does not our America seem to lose her form, her color, her vesture, as you read? Does not the magic of the metamorphosis come to her? Her spirits faint. Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid tint, and scarce her form remains. Does it not seem as if one-half of the map were blotted out or rolled up forever from your eye? Are you not looking with perplexity and pain; your spirits as in a dream—all bound upon a different, another, and a smaller native land? Where do you find in this body of discourse one single recollection that North and South compose a common country, to which our most pious affections are due, and our whole service engaged? Where, beneath this logic and this rhetoric of sectionalism, do you feel one throb of a heart capacious of our whole America? The deep, full, burning tide of American feeling, so hard to counterfeit, so hard to chill, does it once gladden and glorify this inauguration oratory and these inauguration ceremonies? Is it not the key-note of it all that the slaveholders of the South are an aristocracy to be "abhorred" and "avoided?" that they are insidious and dangerous? that they are undermining our republic, and are at all hazards to be resisted? Do they not inaugurate the new party on the basis of reciprocal hate and reciprocal fear of section to section? Hear this sharp and stern logic of one of the orators: "Aristocracy, through all hazards, is to be abhorred and avoided. But a privileged class are sure to become—nay, are—an aristocracy already. The local southern law and the national constitution make the slaveholders a privileged class. They are, therefore, an aristocracy to be abhorred and avoided." Such is the piercing key-note of his speech. To this he sets his whole music of discord. To this he would set the whole music of the next presidential canvass. To this the tens of thousands of the free States are to march. "Abhor" and avoid the aristocracy of the South! Organize to do it the better! They are insidious and dangerous. They are undermining republican liberty. March to defend it! Ay, march! were it over the burning mass or by the light which the tossing wave of the lake casts pale and dreadful.

"I might show," the same orator proceeds, "that the constitution is wrong in thus conceding to a privileged class. I might show, *a priori*, that such a class would be dangerous. I choose, rather, to teach you so to read the history of America that you shall find its one great lesson will be hatred and dread of the aristocracy of the South, for its conduct even more than for its privileges." And so he unrolls the map, and opens the record. He traces the miraculous story; he traces the miraculous growths from the birthday of the constitution and from the straightened margin of the old thirteen States, through all the series of expansion—the acquisition of Louisiana; the adoption of that State into the Union; the successive adoption, also, of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Missouri; the annexation of Florida and Texas and California. Growth in fifty years, from a narrow heritage between the Atlantic and Alleghany—the spring-heads of the Connecticut and the mouth of the St. Mary's, in Georgia—to the dimensions of Roman, of Russian, of Asiatic boundlessness! This he traces across the Alleghanies, across the imperial valley and the Father of Rivers, through the opened portals of the Rocky mountains, to the shores of the great tranquil sea—aye, and beyond these shores to richer dominions over the commerce of the East—to which it opens a new and a nearer way; this majestic series over glory, over shame, he runs over; the one single lesson he gathers and preaches from it is, that the aristocracy of the South is as insidious and dangerous and undermining in practice as it is threatening *a priori*; that we should "abhor" and "avoid" it, for what it has done, as well as for what the constitution and the laws secure to it: this is the lesson of the history of America. As he studies the map and reads the history, so is the new party to do it; so are the fathers, and so are the children of the free States all to read it; it is to teach them all one dull lesson, and to sound in their ears one single, dreary, and monotonous warning. The annexation of Louisiana, the master-work of Jefferson, unless you say the Declaration of Independence is his master-work; the annexation of Florida, by treaty, for which John Quincy Adams acquired so just a fame, and which stipulates for the incorporation of its inhabitants into the Union; the victories of Palo Alto, Monterey, Buena Vista, and Contreras, which crowned the arms of America with a lustre imperishable, although they could not vindicate to justice and history the administration, or the politics which brought on the war; nor the free-soilers of New York, whose tactics caused the election of that administration—this expansion, so stupendous; this motion, silent and resistless, of all the currents of national being towards the setting sun—like that of our astronomical system itself towards the distant constellation—this hour is to kindle no emotion, to inspire no duty, to inculcate no truth, but to "abhor" and "avoid" the aristocracy, whose rapacious use or insidious fabrication of opportunity so strikingly illustrates the body of the constitution.

Oh! how soothing and elevating to turn from this to the meridian brightness, the descending orb, the whole clear day of our immortal Webster! How sweet, how instructive to hang again on the lips now mute, still speaking, whose eloquence, whose wisdom were all given ever to his whole America! How grand to feel again the beat of the great heart which could enfold us all! He saw, too, and he deplored the spread of slavery. He marked and he resisted the phrensy of the politics by which an administration gave it so vast an impulse by annexing Texas and making war with Mexico. He had surveyed—no man had so deeply done it—the growth of his country from the rock of Plymouth and the river Jamestown to the western sea. But did he think it just to trace it all to the aggressive spirit of the aristocracy who hold slaves? Could his balanced and gigantic intelligence, and his genuine patriotism, have been brought to believe and to teach that the single desire to find a new field for slavery to till has in fifty years transformed a strip into one national domain larger than Europe?

Is nothing to be ascribed to the necessities of national situation and the opportunities of national glory; nothing to the sober collected judgment of the people of all the nations; nothing to the foresight of some great men—like Jefferson and John Quincy Adams—who loved not slavery, nor the expansion of the area of slavery, but who did love their country dearly and wisely; and knew that that evil would be more than compensated by the exceeding good; nothing to a diffused, vehement nationality—grave, ambitious, and conscious of a mighty strength—burning to try itself against the resistance of foreign contact, and finding on its west and southwest border no equal force to hold it back; nothing to the blindness of mere party tactics and the power of a popular administration; nothing to the love of glory and contention and danger which flames and revels in the adolescent national heart? Is it all mere and sheer negro heeding and negro selling that has done this? More than this. Is nothing to be ascribed to the influence of northern aggression against slavery, provoking by an eternal law a southern rally for its defence and propagation? Have these great readers of our history forgotten that as far back as 1805—as 1801—the press—some influential portions of the press of a large political party at the North—began to denounce the election and re-election of Jefferson as a triumph of the slave power? The acquisition of Louisiana, that absolute necessity of our peace—how much more of our greatness!—as another triumph of the slave power; that this form of sectionalism already assailed the slave representation of the constitution and tried to strike it out; that it bore its part—a large part—in influencing New England to the measure of the Hartford convention; that hushed to silence by the fervid flood of nationality which swept the country at the close of a war, breathing into us the full first inspiration of American life, it awoke again on the application of Missouri for admission; that silenced once more by that adjustment, a few years later it took on the more virulent type of abolitionism; and from that moment, helped on by the general progress of the age, it has never ceased for an hour to make war on the institutions of the South, to assail the motives and arraign the conscience of the slaveholder; to teach to "abhor" and to "avoid" him, and to denounce the Union as a compact with hell! Is it not possible that a part of what they call the aggressive spirit of slavery may be reaction against our own aggression? May it not be that in this recrimination of the sections, and in the judgment of history, there may be blows to take as well as blows to give? That great man whose name I have spoken could see, and he dared to admit, the errors of both sections. In those errors, in this very hate and in this very dread which the new party would organize, he saw the supreme danger of his country. To correct those errors, to allay that dread, to turn that hate to love, was the sublime aim of his last and noblest labor. "I am looking out," he said, "not for my own security or safety, for I am looking out for no fragment on which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of all. I speak to-day for the Union. Hear me for my cause!" He could not have abandoned himself, he never saw an hour in which he could have any more abandoned himself to this gloomy enterprise of sectionalism than Washington could have done it, stooping from the Farewell Address; the leader of Israel could have done it, as he stood in that last hour in Pisgah and surveyed in vision the wide-spread tents of the kindred tribes, rejoicing together in the peace and in the light of their nation's God. O for an hour of such a life, and all were not yet lost!

From the N. H. Patriot.

FIDELITY TO PRINCIPLE.

Nothing is more noticeable in regard to the recent elections, North and West, (says the Providence Post,) than the fact that the democratic success has been in proportion to the boldness with which the issues presented have been met. Where their principles have been frankly avowed and faithfully adhered to, there the democrats have received the most cordial popular support. On the other hand, wherever an attempt has been made to temporize, to put out of sight important questions, and remain silent as to distinctive party principles, the result has been most unfavorable. In Pennsylvania and Indiana the democrats undertook no concealment. They went before the people asking their approval of the democratic doctrine of non-interference by Congress with the slavery question and the local affairs of States or Territories. The elections in those States show how wisely they acted. Their confidence in the popular judgment has been fully justified. Not only has the party succeeded in defeating all the combinations against it, but it is to-day more firmly established, far better fitted to encounter any future opposition. In the defence of sound principles it has acquired a strength that will sustain it in every emergency. Never have political victories done more to harmonize and invigorate the democracy than these, the just fruit of unswerving fidelity to principle.

In Ohio a different course seems to have been pursued. Some of the party leaders were either unprepared to meet the question of non-interference, or feared to do it openly. There were exceptions to this, undoubtedly; but from the comments of the press, it is apparent that an attempt was made in many parts of the State to evade the Kansas-Nebraska question. The consequence was that in those very places the democrats were most thoroughly beaten. They are forced to confess the error into which they have been led. It is easy for them now to see—what might naturally have been apprehended—that the people were misled in relation to a question, only one view of which was presented to them. The field was left open to sectional agitators, whose artful appeals and misrepresentations could not be without effect, if nothing was done to expose them. This was the duty of the democrats, and by neglecting it they, in a measure, invited the defeat that overtook them. If they would ever resume the proud position they have lost, they feel it is necessary to adopt the true democratic policy, and openly proclaim the principles to which the party is pledged.

It cannot be too carefully borne in mind that the success of the democracy in individual States, as in the nation, has always depended upon its fidelity to principles—its firm and open support of a policy suited alike to every State, and adhered to through all changes and in every emergency. There is a significance in the following declaration of the Washington Union which democrats cannot wisely overlook: "Recent results fully establish the importance of making the democratic issues with frankness and fearlessness. The Kansas policy of the administration is emphatically right; and whenever and wherever the democrats adhere bravely to the great principle involved in it they are sure to meet with more success than when they temporize or make a timid fight."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF TENNESSEE.—The Nashville Union gives the following information concerning the members of the Tennessee legislature, their professions, &c.:

"The house of representatives is composed of lawyers, 16; lawyers and farmers, 4; farmers, 36; merchant, 1; commission merchant and farmer, 1; merchant and farmer, 2; farmer and surveyor, 1; farmer and planter, 1; doctors, 2; planter, 1; bricklayer, 1; clerk, 1; tailor, 1. Single, 15; married, 58. The youngest is 24, the oldest 57 years of age. Born in Tennessee, 44; Virginia, 9; North Carolina, 8; South Carolina, 2; Kentucky, 2; Massachusetts, 1; Georgia, 2; New Hampshire, 1; Ohio, 1."

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 3, 1855.

HON. RUFUS CHOATE.

We refer our readers to the extract which in another column we publish from the late speech of Hon. Rufus Choate in Faneuil Hall. In it will be found an able and eloquent exposure of the objects and designs of the fusion league, and in it the fearful consequences which would inevitably result from its triumph are also depicted with that vividness and power with which only one of his great ability could depict it. We recommend its careful perusal to all truly national, conservative men.

JOHN VAN BUREN ON THE STUMP.

We deem it fortunate for the democratic party that John Van Buren has taken the stump, and particularly fortunate that the New York Herald had a reporter at Oswego to report his speech. We happen to know that the idea that there was a stenographer there daguerreotyping his words on that occasion did not occur to the speaker. His mortification was as great as his surprise when he found himself shown up at full length in the columns of the Herald.

Not suspecting that the Herald had anybody present to watch for his cloven foot, Mr. Van Buren ventured to expose it to the Oswego people. *He distinctly showed in that speech that an endorsement of the Van Buren treachery of* 1848, *and not a triumph of the New York democracy, was the object nearest to his heart in the pending election.* Having let the cat out of the bag, and having been exposed by the Herald, taking the stump is a political and personal necessity with him. He has now either to smuggle himself back again into the democratic organization, or to go over, body and breeches, to Sewardism—provided always his antecedents are not so bad that Seward would object to him as a dangerous associate.

We have indicated pretty distinctly our opinion as to the propriety of allowing him to run at large in the democratic fold any longer. As we have caught him secretly going over and ploughing with the abolition heifer, we shall use our influence to have the door closed against his return. His performances in coarse humor and slip-shod buffoonery have secured him from responsibility long enough; it is time to treat him, not as a political mountebank, but as a traitor to the democratic party.

We have said that the prominent idea in Mr. Van Buren's Oswego speech was that the resolution introduced by him into the late Syracuse convention, in which hostility to the extension of slavery was proclaimed, was the same resolution which constituted the corner-stone of the platform on which Martin Van Buren was supported for the presidency in 1848, and hence that the triumph of the ticket nominated by that convention would be an endorsement by the democracy of New York of the Van Burenism of 1848. We turn to his Oswego speech for the proof. Speaking of his resolution adopted by the late Syracuse convention, he said:

"It is the resolution which was introduced into the Syracuse convention in 1847. The convention refused to adopt it, and it was then passed by the democrats assembled at Herkimer, *and afterwards by the democrats who supported Van Buren in* 1848, and it has been adhered to by them from that time to this."

Again: In his late letter to the editor of the *Union*, after predicting that the ticket advocated by him would be elected by a plurality of 50,000 votes, Mr. Van Buren said:

"Every candidate on our State ticket now, except one judge and the canal commissioner, was openly and warmly the advocate of Martin Van Buren in 1848. They were proud of it then, and I believe I do them no injustice when I add that they have been prouder of it every day since."

The same sentiments, though in less distinct language, pervade Mr. Van Buren's speech at Albany made since his letter to the editor of the *Union*. He was still confident of a victory, but was not so particular to claim it as a democratic, by which he means a Van Buren victory, evidently anxious to withdraw the cloven foot which he had exposed at Oswego. As was to be expected, after the promptness with which we have exposed and denounced his treachery, the Washington *Union* receives its full share of his attention at Albany. He says, however, that the Washington *Union* does not read offenders out of the democratic party because of their unsoundness on the slavery question, and adds: "No man who is not in favor of stealing can receive the support of the *Union*." How this assertion can correspond with the fact announced by him in the same speech, that the Washington *Union* had read John Van Buren out of the democratic party, we leave others to decide! But we are not in quest of the evidences of his propensity to steal, but of his treachery to the democratic party. For the purpose of the investigation a single other quotation from his Albany speech will suffice. After uttering the falsehood that the Washington *Union* gave no attention to the contest in Virginia until three or four weeks before the election, when it was apparent that Gov. Wise could be elected, and that other falsehood as to the *Union* being the administration, and the double falsehood that the administration is opposed to the President, both of which fail to contain any wit because they are full of malice, Mr. Van Buren says:

"We are thus to go on without the Union and without the administration; and, as it is a matter of indifference to them what becomes of us, it is also a matter of perfect indifference to us what becomes of them. [Cheers.] *This administration expires by its own limitation on the 4th of March*, 1857. *No earthly power can abrogate it before that time. Then it will b the business of the democracy to deal with it as it deserves.* Now we have our own business to attend to, and we shall have an overwhelming victory."

This last quotation discloses the real purpose for which Mr. Van Buren is stumping New York and seeking an "overwhelming victory." He is preparing to repeat the treason to the democratic party in 1848, which resulted in the defeat of Gen. Cass. The threat is distinctly shadowed forth in the remark: "*Then it will be the business of the democracy to deal with it* (*the administration*) *as it deserves.*" The convention at Cincinnati is to be forced to abandon its national ground on the slavery question, or its nominee is to be defeated by the repetition of the Van Buren defection of 1848. No man who knows John Van Buren ever dreamed that he cared a fig about the question of slavery, except as it could be made available for purposes either of ambition or revenge. The best joke he ever perpetrated was that in which he opposed the extension of slavery in 1848 because of his *conscientious scruples* on the subject of slavery! Martin Van Buren had been defeated for the presidential nomination in 1844, and Lewis Cass was looked upon as the cause of it. In 1848 the democracy nominated Gen. Cass, but Martin Van Buren and his son John had become exceedingly tender-footed on the question of extending slavery, and determined to defeat the democratic nominee. Nobody has ever given either of them the least credit for sincerity in their pretended conscientious opposition to slavery. It was a spirit of revenge which actuated them, whatever may have been the motives of their followers. That act of treachery drove John Van Buren out of the democratic organization, and there he remained until the nomination of General Pierce, in 1852. Although the convention of 1852 nominated General Pierce upon a platform consistent, in all particulars, with that on which General Cass was nominated, Mr. Van Buren had no scruples in supporting the former. That is not all; he came into Tammany Hall, from which he had been long excluded, and in the most submissive manner professed not only to be for the nominees, but *for the platform*. He had partially gratified his revenge by the defeat of General Cass, and now sought admission again into the party which he had betrayed. He watched the rising wave of popular sentiment in favor of General Pierce, and was amongst the foremost in mounting upon its crest. He was received like all other repentant sinners are received; but we are not at all prepared to concede the sincerity of the professions which secured his restoration to democratic fellowship. We will assign some of our reasons for questioning his sincerity. In his late speech he gives a list of the supporters of his father in 1848 who have received offices from Gen. Pierce, and says:

"All these gentlemen were firm friends of Mr. Van Buren and were known to be so by the President when they were appointed. They accepted office with that understanding, and they were not required to degrade themselves by any abandonment of their principles; and now we are told by the organ that the administration is opposed to the policy of Mr. Van Buren."

The hypocrisy of the insinuation in the foregoing, that President Pierce had sanctioned "the policy of Mr. Van Buren in his appointments, is as base as it is ungrateful. No man knows better than John Van Buren that President Pierce has been uniformly and irreconcilably opposed to the policy of his father, as developed by his defection in 1848. *No man knows better than he that no one of the supporters of Mr. Van Buren in* 1848 *received office of President Pierce except on the distinct understanding that he stood squarely and honestly on the platform of* 1852. No one knows better than John Van Buren that fidelity to the platform of 1852 has been made a test with President Pierce, and that, if his patronage has been bestowed on any who adhere to the Van Buren policy of 1848, it has been bestowed under a total misapprehension. John Van Buren knew all this, and yet he now has the effrontery to insinuate that President Pierce has approved, by his appointments, the policy of Mr. Van Buren in 1848!

But we have other evidence of the want of sincerity in John Van Buren when he proposed to stand upon the platform of 1852. When the Kansas bill was pending in Congress no one was more zealous in opposing it than John Van Buren, and at the same time no one knew better than he did that it was in strict conformity with the platform of 1852, which he had professed to approve. He says in his late Albany speech:

"My opposition to the bill (the Kansas bill) is well known to everybody. I say now—what I said before—that it only failed of being atrocious because it was abominably stupid. I think it is most unjust to charge me with being anything else."

Whilst John Van Buren was thus engaged in opposing a measure known by him to be approved by President Pierce, and known by him to be in strict conformity with the principles of the platform of 1852, he made no sort of objection to being regarded by the world as a friend of the administration. When he went to Syracuse and offered his "corner-stone" resolution, he was so generally looked upon as an administration man that the majority of that body, who were friends of the administration, allowed him to smuggle his proposition through. The idea was not suggested by any one that the resolution was intended as an endorsement of the Van Buren platform of 1848, and, necessarily, as a condemnation of the policy of the present administration. Such a suggestion would have secured its instantaneous rejection. But for the exposure made by the stenographic report of his speech, Mr. Van Buren would have played out his thimble-rigging plot till the election, and, in the event of the triumph of the ticket, he would have claimed it as the endorsement of the Van Buren policy of 1848. We do not blame John Van Buren for his devotion to his father's policy and his father's fame. He would be worse than an ingrate if he could ever be otherwise than a Martin Van Buren man. We make no objection to his efforts to remove the load of hay from his father—that is commendable enough—but we protest against his entering the folds of democracy with words of repentance and professions of fidelity on his lips merely to gain confidence and power to betray that democracy. That is just what John Van Buren did in 1852 when he obtained admission into the democratic party; and when he threatens that in 1856 he will have revenge on President Pierce for his repudiation of the Van Buren policy of 1848, he only proves the real purpose for which he has assumed the cloak of democracy. Without knowing what may be the course of the New York democracy towards his treachery, we have no hesitation in saying that the national democracy out of New York will universally concur in regarding him as wholly unworthy of democratic confidence or fellowship. Until the democracy of New York determine to hold their leaders up to fidelity to the principles of the party, they cannot expect to occupy that commanding position in the party which they enjoyed before Van Burenism crept into its ranks and destroyed the unity of its organization. If they allow the same game to be again played on them the fault will be their own. Since they are *forewarned* by the threat made by John Van Buren, if they are wise they will be *forearmed*.

ABOLITION LOGIC AND MORALS ILLUSTRATED.

It will be recollected by our readers that John Van Buren closed his late letter to the editor of the *Union* by propounding the question whether that paper desired the success of the State ticket nominated at Syracuse by the soft shells in the approaching election in New York. Our answer was in these words:

"In reply to the question whether the Washington Union desires the ticket advocated by Mr. Van Buren to be elected or not, we will tell him frankly that his declaration that 'every candidate on our State ticket now, except one judge and the canal commissioner, was openly and warmly the advocate of Martin Van Buren in 1848,' and that 'they were proud of it then, and I believe I do them no injustice when I add that they have been prouder of it every day since'—we say that this declaration makes it a matter of indifference, so far as the interests of the democratic party are concerned, whether his ticket succeeds or not. But, whether it succeeds or not, we are very sure it will not affect the future course of the national democracy."

On this reply the New York Evening Post comments as follows:

"The convention which nominated the candidates referred to in this passage, it will be recollected, passed a resolution complimenting Mr. Pierce for not wasting the public money. What does Mr. Pierce's organ say in return? That he is highly gratified with the expression of public approbation, and will try to deserve it hereafter? That it is important to husband the public funds, appropriate them frugally, and expend them honestly, and that, so far as depends on himself, this shall be done as long as he is President? Not a word of all this, not a syllable of thanks, not even a hint of concurrence in the sentiments expressed on this subject by the convention. The administration, speaking through its organ puts aside all the talk about frugality and economy as a frivolous pretence. It will not acknowledge the financial question as any bond of union between party men. You may praise the conduct of the administration in that respect as highly as you please; if you are not right in regard to slavery, if you do not approve of the Nebraska bill and the President's course in regard to it, both before and since it has passed, the administration considers you as an enemy. Make what professions you may in regard to other questions, construct your party as ingeniously as you may on any other basis, the administration does not thank you for your support and cannot wish you success."

Such logic and political morality as this would be exceedingly convenient for those abolitionists who desire to have the advantages of the democratic organization for the promotion of their disunion schemes. To entitle an applicant to the standing of a democrat, according to the Post, it is only necessary that he is sound on the financial plank in the democratic platform; and to entitle him to be regarded by the administration as its friend, he has only to approve some one of its measures of policy! The absurdity of such reasoning is not more palpable than is its violation of sound political morality. The permanent success of the democratic organization depends upon the soundness of its platform in all its parts, and the soundness of its members in all their political sentiments. The administration is not so anxious for approval as to recognise those as its friends who agree with some one or two of its measures, on which there is scarcely any difference of opinion throughout the country, whilst they are waging a malignant warfare upon the most prominent feature in its policy.

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE BATTLE OF FAYAL.

By a singular incident the other day a letter was discovered to be on file in the Department of State from Chas. W. Dabney, esq., our consul at Fayal, which clears up the contested point, which has been a matter of dispute between the United States and Portugal for over a quarter of a century, as to who first violated the neutrality of that port in the bloody conflict that took place between the privateer brig General Armstrong and the boats of a large British fleet in 1814. The English contended that the American brig first committed the assault. The case was referred to the arbitration of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who decided in favor of England, which released the responsibility of Portugal. An officer of our navy, who happened to be at Fayal a year or two ago, was informed by Mr. Dabney that he was present during the fight, and, having seen that the Emperor of France had decided the case against this government, wrote a letter to the Secretary of State, giving a full account of all the facts. This information being imparted in a conversation the other day, led to the discovery of this important document, which, as a matter of history, will prove of much interest to our readers. The plain, manly statement of Mr. Dabney, every word of which is impressed with truth, throws more light on this vexed question than all the other documents that have ever been published. It establishes the great fact that the English were the aggressors, and the cloud which hung over the historical record of the acts of those gallant men has been dissipated by the noble act of Dabney, and the record is restored to its full brilliancy. The letter is as follows:

[No. 169.] CONSULATE OF THE U. S. FOR THE AZORES,
Fayal, May 21, 1853.

SIR: The award of his Majesty Napoleon III in the case of the General Armstrong having just met my eye, I feel impelled, by a regard for our national honor, as well as justice to the actors in that *unparalleled* affair, to disavow, on their part, the *slightest* infringement of the neutrality of this port. The pecuniary amount is of *no* consequence to us; but I cannot allow the brilliancy of that action to be tarnished, or the slightest stain to rest on our national escutcheon. When I heard that his Majesty was to be the arbitrator I felt assured that the case would be thoroughly investigated, and that there would not be *any doubt* as to the result; and I confess that I was sadly disappointed to find that, from some cause or other, the case had not been rightly understood by his Majesty.

In the summer of 1814 the British sloop-of-war "Thais" and brig "Calypso" were cruising on this station. Their commanders were prudent men. When the brig-of-war "Carnation" hove in sight, it was supposed to be the "Calypso," and no apprehensions were entertained, as we felt assured that the commander would not attempt to violate the neutrality of the port. But when we were informed that a frigate and a larger vessel were in company, we concluded that it must be the razee Plantaganet, frigate Rota, and brig Carnation, under the command of Mad Lloyd,* (the same that made the senseless attack on Crany Island,) who had been here *three weeks before* and had *boasted* that he had boats built expressly for cutting out American privateers, and that he would destroy them wherever he found them.

Knowing what we had to expect, I (being then in my 21st year) was sent by my father (consul of the United States) to recommend Captain Reid to slip his cable and warp his vessel close in under the guns of the castle. While I was on board the Carnation anchored within pistol-shot of the Armstrong, the frigate about a mile and the razee about a mile distant, yet under sail, it being calm, and boats were passing between the English vessels. Captain Reid immediately gave orders to carry into effect the advice that I had communicated to him, and I came on shore; just as I was landing (ten minutes after I had left the Armstrong) I heard the report of musketry; and soon after, a Captain Smith, who had gone on board to see Captain Reid, came on shore with a message from the latter informing us that while in the act of warping in he had been approached by four boats, containing by estimate one hundred and twenty men; that they were warned repeatedly not to approach, or that he would fire into them, which, instead of heeding, only seemed to stimulate their exertions; and, as there could be no mistake of their intention to take them by surprise, no attention being *paid* to the warning, he had ordered his men to fire, which was *immediately returned* from the boats, killing one man, and wounding the first lieutenant; but having found their reception too warm, they sued for quarter, which was immediately granted, (they were then nearly alongside of the Armstrong.) Captain Smith was deputed by Capt. Reid to request my father to take the necessary steps for his protection, and I was sent in quest of the governor, whom I found at Judge Arriaga's, a mile from town. I was commissioned to request him to remonstrate with Captain Lloyd, (the force under his command being wholly inadequate to cope with that of the British squadron,) and to allow us to send thirty-two American seamen that we had here to assist in defending the Armstrong, should she be again attacked. The latter request the governor said he could not grant, as it would be an infringement of the neutrality on his part; but he accompanied me forthwith to town, and *no time was lost* in despatching one of his aids with an official remonstrance. Captain Lloyd returned a verbal answer, indicative of his intention, and three hours after the grand attack was made on the Armstrong, then within forty yards of the Castle.

These simple *facts* require no comment, as they admit of *no doubt*. If there could be any doubt, the character of the commander is a circumstance of the greatest importance in forming a correct opinion of the case.

I send a plan of the harbor, showing the relative position of the Armstrong during the first and second engagements.

I trust that my motive in addressing you on this occasion will be appreciated, and, with the highest consideration and respect, have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,
CHAS. W. DABNEY.

Hon. W. L. MARCY,
Secretary of State, U. S.

I am conversant with the French language, and, if necessary, would willingly go to Paris to afford any explanation that may be required. DABNEY.

I can prove that the British vice consul, who was then residing on the opposite shore of Pico, sent a letter on board the Commodore's vessel two hours before they anchored; consequently, there was no necessity for "reconnoitring" with four boats full of armed men.

United States of America, Department of State:

To all whom these presents shall come, greeting:

I certify that the paper hereunto annexed is a true copy, transcribed from and carefully collated with the original paper on file in this department.

In testimony whereof, I, William L. Marcy, Secretary of State of the United States, have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of November, A. D. 1855, and of the independence of the United States of America the 80th.

W. L. MARCY.

* A distinction bestowed upon him by his own countrymen.

Never, perhaps, since its adoption, has the constitution of the United States, its principles, its latitude, and its limits, been so thoroughly discussed as since the rise of the secret party of know-nothings. When the new instrument, the political gospel, the glad tidings of freedom, and the assurance of its continuance and spread, had been finally settled upon by the convention, and sent forth with the signatures of Washington and his compeers, it was to the people of the several States a question of the utmost moment and the most absorbing interest whether or not they should accept of its conditions and avail themselves of its protection. Since then its numerous requirements have been much discussed, in as well as out of Congress. But never since, until the last twelve months, have the whole people turned their thoughts to a careful and deep study of its principles; never have they been so called upon to examine the ground upon which their liberties are planted; never have they been so ready to turn their thoughts to the deed of their rights, the solemn act by which their liberties are assured to them, as now. Startling theories are put forth, new and alarming doctrines are taught, and, as if with one accord, all measure them with that true standard, that immortal and sacred instrument, which is dear to the heart of every true patriot, whatever may be his party creed. Let politicians play what pranks they please—let rabid demagogues ride their hobbies to the verge of treason, with the rabble of fanatics at their heels—let the most absurd of laws be passed—let legislative folly riot over reason and common sense—but as long as our glorious CONSTITUTION remains intact we may feel secure, and bid defiance to all the powers of fanaticism combined.

[*La. Courier.*

And so long as the democratic party maintains its supremacy—so long as its noble organization is unbroken—its faith and its honor unsacrificed and unsullied—the CONSTITUTION will be preserved.